

# CHURCH DIRECTORY.

## HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopal Church (South).—Rev. W. W. Lambert, Pastor. Hardinsburg preaching 4th Sabbath in each month, at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m.; Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Oakland.—Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

St. Zion.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m.; Dr. R. O. Pulliam, Superintendent. Class meeting every 1st Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Westover.—Preaching every 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at night.

Union Star.—Preaching every 3d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 1/2 o'clock. Richard Cox, Superintendent. Class meeting every 3d Sabbath. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

## CLOVERPORT.

Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Miller, Pastor.—Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; R. R. Pierce, Superintendent.

Methodist Church (South), Rev. J. L. Edgington, Pastor.—Preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock; P. V. Duncan, Superintendent. Regular preaching at Holt's Bottom the 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at Liberty the 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m.

Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. B. McDonald, Pastor.—Preaching every 3d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday morning at 10 1/2 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; Jno. A. Murray, Superintendent.

Catholic Church, Rt. Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Pastor.—Services the 1st Sabbath in every month, and on the Monday after the third Sunday in every month.

**J. C. BABBAGE,**  
Attorney at Law,  
CLOVERPORT, KY.

Will practice his profession in all the courts of Breckenridge and adjoining counties. Prompt attention will be given to all claims placed in his hands for collection, at reasonable rates. n32ly

## SOLID SILVER TEASPOONS

FOR \$5.50.  
Sent postpaid to any address for \$5.50, and fifty cents to pay postage. Money sent in registered letter will be at our risk. Address, F. N. D'HY & BRO., Silversmiths, 173 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Jan-6m

## JOHN BENDER,

DOCTOR'S HELPER,  
CUPPING, BLEEDING,  
TOOTH PULLING,  
HAIR DYEING, ETC.

CUSTOMERS ATTENDED TO AT ALL HOURS.  
ROOMS:  
R. ver Street, adjoining Temple's Hotel.  
Tobacco, Razors, Mugs, etc., strictly clean, and work done in the most approved manner. Patronage solicited.

## JAMES E. STONE, Jr.,

LAWYER,  
HARDINSBURG, KENTUCKY.  
Will practice in all the courts of Breckenridge and adjoining counties. Deeds, Mortgages, etc., and all legal instruments carefully prepared. Titles investigated and abstracts furnished. Prompt and careful attention given to all business entrusted to me. n 11 ff

## MILLER & HOVIOUS,

Livery and Sale Stable,  
Second Street Between Main and the River  
First-class livery to be had at this Stable. Horses boarded by the day or week at reasonable rates.

T. N. VESSELS, W. W. VESSELS,  
Hardinsburg, Cloverport.

## Vessels' Saloon.

OLD DAVIES AND NELSON CO. WHISKIES,  
PURE WINES AND BRANDIES.  
Lager Beer.

OUR PLEDGE.  
We do pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of all adulterated wines, liquors, beer, etc., and do promise that for our own comfort, pleasure and nourishment, we will use none but the best, such as are always found at  
VESSELS'. Show me the way in Hardinsburg and Cloverport, Ky. QUICK!  
Hardinsburg and Cloverport, Ky. n33ly

Notice to Pensioners.  
All persons drawing a pension, and wishing to apply for arrears under the new law, can have their papers fixed up correctly, on moderate terms, by calling on the undersigned at his place of business in Cloverport.  
JNO. C. BABBAGE.  
n30.1f

## H. KRAFFT,

—WITH—  
**BERGREEN & CO.,**

WHOLESALE FANCY GROCERS,  
—AND—  
CANDY MANUFACTURERS,  
105 MARKET ST., COR. THIRD & FOURTH,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

## A Solid Gold Pen,

In a Silver-plated Holder, for \$1.00. Fifteen cents extra by mail. Address, F. N. D'HY & BRO., 173 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Jan-6m

FRANKLIN SQUARE, Lakeside and Seaside Library editions of all the popular novels, ranging from 10 to 25 cents per volume, for sale by J. D. Babbage, 23 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

# THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing; Principles, not party; Men, not availability.

VOL. III.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1879.

NO. 43.

## The Song.

### LUX IN TENEBRIS.

Can the dead birds ever waken  
To the life of song once more?  
Can the drooping flowers beckon  
As they did in days of yore?  
Can the soft winds ever fold us  
Where no chilling storms may blight?  
Can the sunshine ever hold us  
Safe from the threatening night?

Will the vanished dreams of childhood  
Cluster round us once again?  
Will the shadows on the wildwood  
Mark where better years have lain?  
Will the old days ever meet us  
With their faces of rosy play?  
Will our dead hopes come to greet us  
In the heaven far away?

At yea; for songs of sadness  
Die with all the passing hours,  
While the joyous winds of gladness  
Call to life the buried flowers.  
Though the still hands lie so humbly  
On a dear one's pulseless breast,  
Still our heaven watches dumbly  
O'er the precious, dreamless rest.

And, like organ music pealing,  
The soft vox humana stealing,  
Makes the wondrous, wordless song.  
So through all the still fever  
Of each sad and weary day,  
Mingles infinite sweetness ever  
From the "land not far away."

## The Story.

### The Chaplain's Dream.

[Some of our readers have doubtless read Chaplain McCabe's famous dream. Many have not. In view of the wonderful discovery which Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll has made concerning the "Mistakes of Moses," and the wide-spread interest excited in the public mind by Ingersoll's eloquent attacks upon Christianity and the eloquent replies made by Wendell, Ryder and other noted speakers, the "dream" of Chaplain McCabe will be recited with new interest by those who have once read it, and with no less satisfaction by those who have not.]

I had a dream which was not all a dream. I thought I was on a long journey through a beautiful country, when suddenly I came to a great city with walls fifteen feet high. At the gate stood a sentinel, whose shining armor reflected back the rays of the morning sun. As I was about to salute him and pass into the city he stopped me and said: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

I answered: "Yes, with all my heart."  
"Then," said he, "you can not enter here. No man or woman who acknowledges that name can pass in here. Stand aside!"

"I looked down the road and saw a vast multitude approaching. It was led by a military officer.

"Who is that?" I asked of the sentinel.  
"That," he replied, "is the great Colonel Robert I—, the founder of the city of Ingersollville."

"Who is he?" I ventured to inquire.  
"He is a great and mighty warrior, who fought in many bloody battles for the Union during the great war."

I felt ashamed of my ignorance of history and stood silently watching the procession. I had heard of a Colonel I—, who resigned in the presence of the enemy, but of course this could not be the man.

The procession came near enough for me to recognize some of the faces. I noted two infidel editors of national celebrity, followed by great wagons containing steam presses. There were also five members of Congress.

All the noted infidels and scoffers of the country seemed to be there. Most of them passed in unchanged by the sentinel, but at last a meek looking individual with a white necktie approached, and he was stopped. I saw at a glance it was a well known "liberal" preacher of New York.

"Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" said the sentinel.  
"Not much," said the doctor.  
Everybody laughed, and he was allowed to pass in.

There were artists there, with glorious pictures; singers, with ravishing voices; tragedians and comedians, whose names have a world-wide fame.

Then came another division of the infidel host—saloon-keepers by thousands, proprietors of gambling halls, brothels and theaters.

Still another division swept by; burglars, thieves, thugs, incendiaries, highwaymen, murderers—all marching in. My vision grew broader. I beheld, and lo! Satan himself brought up the rear.

High aloft above the mass was a banner on which was inscribed, "What has Christianity done for the country?" and another on which was inscribed, "Down with the churches! Away with Christianity—it interferes with our happiness!" And then came a murmur of voices that grew louder and louder, until a shout went up like the roar of Niagara: "Away with him! Crucify him, crucify him!" I felt no desire now to enter Ingersollville.

As the last of the procession entered, a few men and women with broad-brimmed hats and plain bonnets made their appearance, and wanted to go in as missionaries, but they were turned rudely away. A zealous young Methodist exhorter, with a Bible under his arm, asked permission to enter, but the sentinel swore at him awfully. Then I thought I saw Brother Moody applying for admission, but he was refused. I could not help smiling to hear Moody say, as he turned sadly away:

"Well! they let me live and work in Chicago; it is very strange they won't let me into Ingersollville."

The sentinel went inside the gate and

shut it with a bang; and I thought, as soon as it was closed, a mighty angel came down with a great iron bar, and barred the gate on the outside, and wrote upon it in letters of fire: "Doomed to live together six months." Then he went away, and all was silent, except the noise of the revelry and shouting that came from within the city walls.

I went away, and as I journeyed through the land I could not believe my eyes. Peace and plenty smiled everywhere. The jails were all empty, the penitentiaries were without occupants. The police of great cities were idle. Judges sat in the court-rooms with nothing to do. Business was brisk. Many great buildings, formerly crowded with criminals, were turned into manufacturing establishments. Just about this time the president of the United States called a Day of Thanksgiving. I attended services in a Presbyterian church. The preacher dwelt upon the changed condition of affairs. As he went on, and depicted the great prosperity that had come to the country, I saw one old deacon clap his hankiechief over his mouth to keep from shouting right out. An ancient spinster, who never did like the "noisy" Methodists—a regular old blue-stocking Presbyterian—couldn't hold in. She expressed the thought of every heart by shouting with all her might: "Glory to God for Ingersollville!" A young theological student lifted up his hand and devoutly added, "Etopperpetua!" Everybody smiled. The country was almost delirious with joy. Great processions of children swept along the highways, singing:

"We'll not give up the Bible,  
God's best word of truth."  
Vast assemblies of reformed inebriates, with their wives and children, gathered in the open air. No building would hold them. I thought I was in one meeting where Bishop Simpson made an address, and as he closed it a mighty shout went up till the earth rang again. O, it was wonderful! And then we all stood up and sang with tears of joy:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all."

The sixth month had well-nigh gone. I made my way back again to the gate of Ingersollville. A dreadful silence reigned over the city, broken only by the sharp crack of a revolver now and then. I saw a busy man trying to get in at the gate, and I said to him, "My friend, where are you from?"

"I live in Chicago," said he, "and they've taxed us to death there; and I've heard of this city, and I want to go in to buy some real estate in this new and growing place."

He failed utterly to remove the bar, but by some means he got a ladder about twelve feet long, and with its aid, he climbed up upon the wall. With and eye to business, he shouted to the first person he saw:

"Hallo, there!—what's the price of real estate in Ingersollville?"

"Nothing!" shouted a voice; "you can have all you want if you'll just take it and pay the taxes."

"What made your taxes so high?" said the Chicago man. I noted the answer carefully: I shall never forget it.

"We've had to build forty new jails and fourteen penitentiaries—a lunatic asylum and an orphan asylum in every ward; we've had to disband the public schools, and it takes all the revenue of the city to keep up the police force."

"Where's my old friend, I—?" said the Chicago man.

"O, he is going about to-day with a subscription paper to build a church. They have gotten up a petition to send out for a lot of preachers to come and hold revival services. If we can only get them for the while, we hope there's a future for Ingersollville yet."

The sixth month ended. Instead of opening the door, however, a tunnel was dug under the wall big enough for one person to crawl through at a time. First came two bankrupt editors, followed by Colonel I— himself; and then the whole population crawled through. Then I thought, somehow, great crowds of Christians surrounded the city. There were Moody, and Hammond, and Earle, and hundreds of Methodist preachers and exhorters, and they struck up, singing altogether:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."  
A neeider crowd never was seen on earth before.

I conversed with some of the inhabitants of the abandoned city, and asked a few of them this question:

"Do you believe in hell?"

I can not record the answers; they were terribly orthodox.

One old man said, "I've been there on probation for six months, and I don't want to join."

I knew that he was an old Methodist backslider. The sequel of it all was a great revival, that gathered in a mighty harvest from the ruined city of Ingersollville.

"PLEASE LET HER GO HOME."

The Plea of a Little Girl in a Justice's Court in Her Mother's Behalf.

[Chicago Times.]

"Please, sir, let mamma go home with us. If you send her away there'll be no one to take care of little Alice; and then she's so good to all of us. We won't let her go away again—and get drunk, and she won't want to, we love her so. Please to let her go."

"But doesn't your mother spend her money for drink which ought to buy you bread and butter?"

"Only once in a while, sir; there never was a better mamma than ours, and we'll take such good care of her and be so good that she won't want any more whisky, 'emao' it's that, sir, which makes her bad once in a while."

"What have you to say, madam? You have been let off so many times on good promises that I am losing faith in you."

"Your honor, I know I don't deserve any mercy at your hands, but for the sake of these darling children let me try once more to be the good mother they think I am. God only knows why I can't help drinking, and why I should degrade myself by getting drunk and then abusing these innocent little children. I thought this would be the last time, and that they would be so much better off without me, that I said I would drown myself, and I was angry when a policeman pulled me out of the lake and saved my miserable life. I don't do any thing to feed and cloth them; why do they love and pity me so? I only spend their hard-earned money for drink. How much better for them if I could be dead! More than once, your honor, have they gone hungry for days, and been dressed almost in rags just because I had spent the last penny for drink. I have a helpless little babe at home who was almost starved, I know, and yet none of them ever complained. I am not fit to go back to them; send me to the bridewell, where I may find fit companions in drunkards and outcasts, and can scrub and dig at the lowest work till I make myself forgetful that I ever had a home and such precious children. My God, what a thing I am! You don't know how I despise myself. Is there any hope for me, do you think, sir? I wish I could deserve their kindness and love, and your mercy. If you can let me go again my broken promises shall be renewed and I'll swear by the help of my Maker to keep them in the future."

"Let the fine be \$100, but I will suspend it and try again."

A scene in the North side police court on Monday last is only half reproduced in the above narrated colloquy between Justice Kaufmann and two others—one a woman forty-five years of age, but with an apparent experience of the saddest kind stamped on her features, and the other a child not yet nine years old. There were other parties present who did little but smother the sobs which choked off any attempt to speak. There were other children of the dissipated mother—a daughter twenty-one years of age, very neatly but plainly dressed, and with an intelligent and somewhat cultivated countenance; a son two years younger, and another boy about seven. This last child and a little girl who pleaded for her mother were standing on either side of the woman and clinging to her dress and hands.

The woman was Mrs. Mary Creigle, who lives in rented rooms at the corner of Erie and Franklin streets, and she was before Justice Kaufmann for being drunk and disorderly. The term "disorderly" is well known to cover a multitude of sins and misdemeanors, and in this case applied more to an attempt to commit suicide than any thing else. On the day previous an officer had seen her wandering along the lake shore, and kept so close a watch on her movements that he was enabled to beat hand and pull her from the lake soon after she had plunged headforemost beneath its waves from one of the piers. She was recovering from a drunken delirium, and had settled so low into the gulf of despair that she had determined to rid the world and her family of respectable children of her worthless life. She pleaded with the officer, with tears and prayers, to let her die. He was inexorable, and conducted her to the police station. She was placed in a cell and her eldest daughter sent for. That dutiful young woman never uttered a word of blame when she arrived, but in the tenderest kindness set about making her mother comfortable. She removed the wet garments and replaced the soaked stockings and under-clothing with her own. Food was brought from home, and everything done that could be to comfort and cheer the poor woman. The other children came and shed the fragrance of their love and affection on the heart of their despairing mother. On the following morning they appeared in the police court and became her attorneys in simple pleas for mitigated punishment, which outweighed any defense that the ablest lawyer could have made.

Mrs. Creigle was once the wife of a prosperous and comfortably-situated man of business. He died the second year after the fire, but left the family provided with a good home and the means of support which a well-equipped and well-stocked grocery store could furnish. All these were clear of debt and furnished a good income. Soon after Mr. Creigle's death the widow commenced to drink, and became an actual drunkard. Six months after her husband died a child was born, which has lived till to-day, but which is physically helpless. The property was mortgaged from time to time, as the business in the store declined through lack of attention, to furnish her with means of dissipation. At length all the property had slipped from her, and she became destitute.

The children were always kind to their mother, and did what they could to furnish support for the family. Now the eldest girl, a young lady of twenty-one, and the oldest boy, two years younger, have good situations, and each week, turn in to their mother \$5 with which she pays rent, buys coal, provisions and clothing for herself and the smaller children. With the balance of their wages they support themselves. They deplore deeply the disgraceful conduct of their only parent, but have endured it for years without a murmur or the least indication of wavering affection. They say there never was a better mother than she when she lets liquor alone. It is only once in three or four weeks that she yields to the overpowering temptation to drink, and then she indulges in a prolonged "aper" of several days. Their entreaties have always been in vain, and at length they had patiently submitted to this infliction in their

otherwise happy life, and tried to keep her from harm.

The children are all honest and industrious, and have made the most of their narrow resources for improvement mentally. They are highly respected by the neighbors and deserve encomiums for their filial affection such as few others deserve. The eldest have occupied themselves in earning money; the younger is staying faithfully at home and caring for their six-year-old helpless little sister. The family consists of eight children, and, when it is considered that but two of them succeed in turning in any money for the support of the whole the circumstances approach nearer to the pitiful.

**Fashion Notes.**

Simple home dresses can often be enlivened and made more becoming by a dainty lace frill at the neck and a contrasting knot of ribbon.

Black thread hose, embroidered in pale tints and bright colors, will be worn all summer, though the flesh and ecru tints promise to be most fashionable.

Very large Leghorn hats, bent in the most outlandish shapes, promise to be one of the coming styles. These are trimmed with wide sashes or a single wreath of fine French flowers.

The new white muslin skirts are trimmed with two or three plaits frills of Hamburg embroidery. They are made with deep yokes at the top and are much gored; these are also trimmed with insertions and edge of Torchon lace.

Fans are very handsome and odd this season. Some have ebony sticks and tops with embroidered flowers; some are painted by hand in vines or Pompadour bouquets. They are made to match costumes in satin brocade; some are of peacock's feathers; others of black and white stripes, and the black stripe is filled in with tinsel.

Yoke waists are more fashionable than ever for slender figures. This style, however, must be made to fit well, and belted in at the waist. This is effected with a strip of the material itself, or a plain satin ribbon. For these dresses the belts will be folded, and the trimmings will be plaited frills and Breton lace.

Charming bonnets are made of fine plaiting and ruchings of black lace, with a finish of satin ribbon embroidered with gold. But-tercup with foliage are the flowers used on these bonnets. Almost any shape of hat may be worn that is becoming. The English walking hat is most worn for street and traveling.

White muslin ties are made of soft mull, wide and trimmed on the ends with insertions and edge of Breton lace. These are made sufficiently long to tie in a large bow with ends. The softness and delicacy of this finish to the neck is extremely becoming to the most of faces. Fichus are also worn of white mull, and give a pretty effect to dark or gray dresses.

**Cooking Recipes.**

**DOUGHNUTS.**—One cup of sour cream, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one cup of white sugar, one teaspoonful of salt; flavor with any thing you like; mix quickly and fry in hot lard.

**GREEN MOUNTAIN CAKE.**—Three eggs, one and a half cups of sugar, half a cup (large) of thick sweet cream, two cups flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder; bake slowly.

**POTATO SALAD.**—Six large cold boiled potatoes cut fine, two small heads of lettuce broken in small pieces, half a small onion cut fine, two hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoon capers, Mayonnaise dressing, or a dressing made of French mustard, oil, and vinegar.

**BEF SOUP.**—Boil the soup bone until the meat is quite tender, pour the broth in a kettle, then rub an egg into dry flour and mix thoroughly until the noodles are quite fine, then add them to the broth slowly, stirring until all in; boil fifteen minutes, season to taste.

**POTATO SOUP.**—Peel eight or ten large potatoes, three onions, two heads of celery, one turnip, one carrot, a slice of ham, or lean bacon; cut all in small squares and boil them with some broth; when done, rub all through the sieve and season with pepper and salt.

**LEMON PIE.**—One heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, one cupful of boiling water, one cupful of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter and one small lemon; moisten a heaping tablespoonful of corn starch with a little cold water; then add a cupful of boiling water; stir this over the fire for two or three minutes, allowing it to boil and cook the starch; add a tablespoonful of butter and a cupful of sugar; remove the mixture from the fire, and when slightly cooled, add an egg, well beaten, and the juice and grated rind of a fresh lemon. This makes one pie, and should be baked with an under and upper crust.

**PARASIT FAIRIES.**—First, having boiled them tender, mash smooth and fine, picking out any woody bits. For three large parsnips allow two eggs, one cup of rich milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoon of salt, three tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat the eggs light, stir in the mashed parsnips, beating hard; then the butter and salt, next the milk, and lastly the flour; fry as fritters by dropping a spoonful in hot lard, or as griddle cakes.

**SCOTCH SHORT-CAKE.**—One pound of butter, half pound of sugar, one and three-quarter pounds of flour; knead well together and roll out in cakes half an inch thick.

## The Housewife.

Onions may be soaked all night without taking the flavor out of them.

The yolks of eggs are as nourishing as the whites, though a little heavier.

The water used in mixing bread must be tepid hot. If it is too hot the loaves will be full of holes.

Never put a pudding that is to be steamed in any thing else than a dry mold.

To clean stains wipe them with a dry towel. Never wash them, for it will make cakes or puddings heavy.

A little cheese taken at meals helps other food to digest. If taken in large quantities it is very indigestible.

To boil potatoes so they will be dry and mealy: When the skin breaks pour off the water and let them finish cooking in their own steam.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before using them.

To make a clothes line pliable, boil it an hour or so before using it. Let it dry in a warm room and do not allow it to "kink."

To brown sugar for puddings, put the sugar in a perfectly dry pan. If the pan is the least wet the sugar will burn and spoil both it and the pan.

Potatoes ought not to stand too long in water, for it takes the starch out of them and makes them tasteless.

To clean brass, immerse or wash it several times in sour milk or whey; this will brighten it without scouring; it may then be scoured with woolen cloth dipped in ashes.

To remove iron taste from new kettles, boil a handful of hay in them, and repeat the process if necessary. Hay water is a great sweetener of tin, wooden and iron ware. In Irish dairies every thing used for milk is scalded with hay water.

If you want to renovate black grenadine, take strong, cold coffee, strain it, and wring the grenadine out of it quite tight, after which shake out and fold up; then iron it with a moderately hot iron over a piece of old black material.

The Parisian method of cleaning black silk is to brush and wipe it thoroughly, lay it on a flat table, with the side up which is intended to show, and sponge with hot coffee strained through muslin. Allow it to become partially dry, then iron.

The prudent housewife who, on account of "hard times," has decided not to paper the sitting-room, as desirable, will find the old paper very much improved in appearance by simply rubbing it well with a flannel cloth dipped in oatmeal.

**Home Doctor.**

To keep the hands soft, mix honey, almond meal and olive oil into a paste, use after washing with soap. Castile soap is best for use; it will cure a scratch or cut, and prevent any spot.

For inflammatory rheumatism, take half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre, put in half a pint of sweet oil, bathe the parts affected, and a sound cure will speedily be effected.

Persons troubled with feet that perspire or smell offensively can effect a cure by bathing them every night or oftener in a strong solution of borax. Two or three weeks of this treatment will probably be found sufficient.

**CHILBLAINS.**—The following is an excellent ointment for the cure of chilblains: Calomel and camphor, of each 2 drachms; spermaceti ointment, 8 drachms; oil of turpentine, 4 drachms; mix well together. Apply by gentle friction two or three times daily.

**BONE FELLOW.**—The London Lancet suggests the following simple treatment: As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly-blistar, about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can instantly be taken out with the point of a needle, or a lancet.

Many persons are poisoned by contact with the wild ivy and sumach, and in some cases the poisoning is very severe. To such it may be of interest to know that Dr. Brown, of the United States navy, claims to have discovered a certain remedy for such poisoning. It is bromine dissolved in olive oil, camelline, or glycerine. He used twenty drops of bromine to an ounce of oil, rubbing it on the affected part three or four times a day, and occasionally washing it off with castile soap.

**CAUSE OF INFANT DEFORMITIES.**—A Manchester (Eng.) physician, Dr. Crompton, who has made a